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# CONTROL WOME GIRLS DOWN THE DIRTURS TO THE DIRTURS

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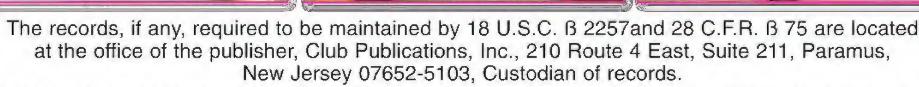
**88 BANGIN' THE SITTER** 











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These Irish eyes are smiling... but is craving some serious bangers...

## Rioe Rame







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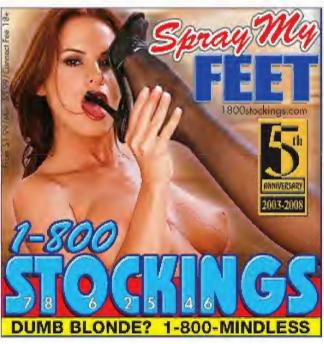




























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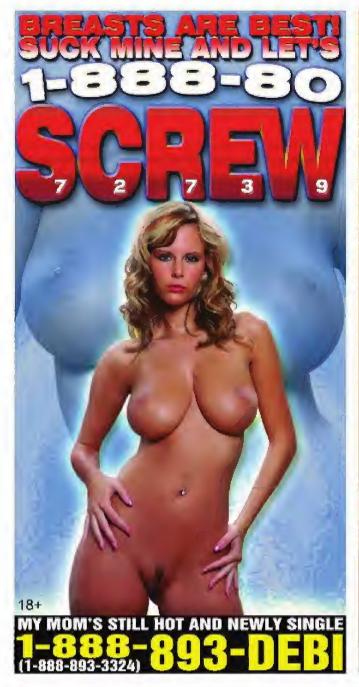
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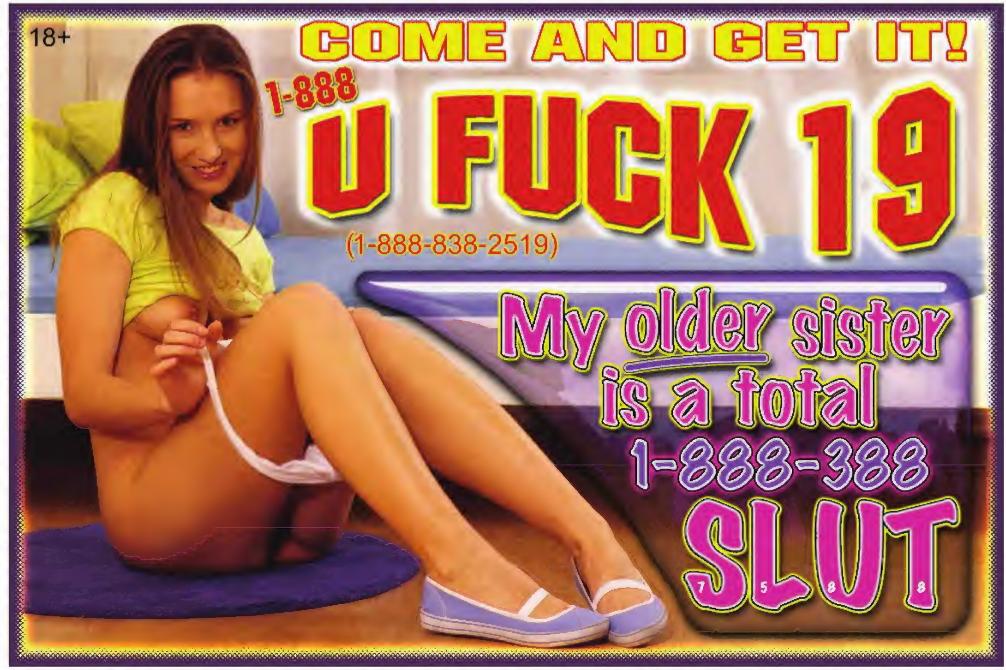














Watch these Sapphic tarts pull themselves together...









"You need to calm down! You need to relax, Lola" Jo whispers, to her girlfriend, Jo, pulling her shirt down to reveal her pert titties. "I know what will calm your nerves."

Moving down to Jo's fresh pussy, Lola pulls her asscheeks apart—diddling her tiny asshole with her fingers.

"See, honey, there's nothing to complain about," Jo musters, licking her girl's clittle until she creams her mouth.

"Yeah, you're right. You always know the right thing to do," Jo mumbles, turning her girl over on the wooden table. Blowing on her tiny clit, she musters even more before diving into her muff—her mouth full of sweet pussy.

Making hot eye contact with her while feeling the rumbles in her belly, Jo gets her throat filled with Lola's love juice—while her mouth drips with pearly girl juice.

As the two women breathlessly moan on the bed, Jo says, "Not only do you calm me down, but you have quite a mouth on you, too."



































## Shuff Box One women's archaic trash, is another slut's filthy treasure!

## By Mikki T.

love anything old and unordinary, which is why I'm in the best business—antique dealing. I own a corner store in a quiet neighborhood that's rather storybook—everyone knows everyone, which means they all know who you're fucking—or not. For a while, I made up a story that I found my husband cheating on me in the Big City, so I left him, and started my dream gig. However, the reality is that I'm a dyed-in-the-wool lesbian, and I haven't sucked a clit in such a long time, that I think I lost my skill.

I can't tell you how many times I hold a candelabra or a vintage sugar spoon and wonder how many women whose hands were originally where mine are were Sapphic sluts? Did they dream about mounting one of their friends during afternoon tea? Did they secretly daydream about lifting up women's huge skirt, ripping off their corsets to devour their friends' pillowy tits?

It's true that homosexuality is more acceptable now, thankfully, but in a town where the square mileage might as well be the size of a football field, licking a clit is still considered as taboo as the snuff box I have in my store.

It had been over a year since I even made out with a girl, but even then, I had a craving for cunt, so I did what every other sheltered suburban woman would do I went to the Big City and barhopped by myself. My pussy was practically dripping from all the cooze I was getting. I remember at one place, I saw a young woman—early 20's, long brown hair with a high tight ass—and I had to have her. I didn't care if she was with someone or not, I could almost taste her sweet peach when I held her hand, but when we made it to the dance floor; she's the one that attacked me first! I asked her name, and she yelled it out, but I couldn't hear. I wasn't interested, though—I wanted to get my girlish groove back.

Her tongue swam down my throat as she grabbed my small waist—pulling me in harder with every snake of her flesh flap. Every time I reached for the hem of her dress to lift up, she moved my hand away—and took over—unzipping my tight jeans and throwing down her hands to get to my burgeoning clit. While we were still heavily making out, but the way she kept teasing my lips before flicking my puffy











hood was making me crazy, and she knew it, too! She continued to work her magic while still dancing on floor, amongst the rest of the horny lesbians.

"You're so fucking sexy, I want to take you home and ravage you," she mumbled loudly. I kept humping my hips in order to cum, and when she practically yelled, "Go ahead and do it," I gushed—raining my girl goo all over her hands. I couldn't believe I came so hard, so fast, in front of all those people—then again, I was in the right place, and I'm sure the other ladies got it on there as well.

I really wanted to continue our night, but I knew if I went home with her, I was going to miss my train.

"Come on, baby," she pestered. "I live far, but I'll get a hotel for the night."

I said I was sorry, feeling bad that she didn't have a chance to explode, but I wasn't going to risk spending all night in a dingy train station where I would most likely have to stay awake until the early train arrived. I also needed to open up the shop early and set up, because a woman named Meryl called me saying that she had a very obscure piece for me, and she was looking to sell it. "What is it?" I asked.

"You'll just have to see it to believe it," she said.

The next morning, I opened up the shop a few minutes later because I was hungover from the night before, yet remarkably calmer. Even my regular customers noticed it when they were shopping around.

Meryl said she would be there about 11 o'clock in the morning, but called me about a half-hour before saying she would be there later, because she had a late night. "I did, too, that's totally fine," I laughed. I was setting up a new Victrola record player in the window when a lengthy brunette walked in with a rectangular wooden box.

"Oh my god, you're Meryl?" I said, waving a cloud of dust from the duster into the air. My eyes weren't lying—Meryl was the woman from the night before.

"I can't believe you own this place! I've been hearing about it for months! So, I guess you can you have fun in a little town, huh?" We didn't waste any time before touching and feeling. As I locked the doors and put the shades down, letting the red "closed" sign give potential customers a hint—she was slowly pulling down my jeans—sliding her finger into the crack of my ass.

Turning around I whispered, "Wait, I have to see what's in the box."

My new friend was playing with my tits while I opened the musty box slowly, revealing a vintage Polar Cub—a sex toy used in the 1920's. Shaped like a hair dryer, with tiny sponges on the base—women used it to let it tingle their twats until they reached an orgasm. Since it was too old to use, I cleaned it off and put my real vibrator that I keep in my desk when I'm bored at the shop, under it—letting it work its magic. Undressing my friend slowly, I let the toy rumble on her flat belly while I licked her clit—making sure the tip of my nose hit her billowy hood. She was moaning so hard that I was afraid she was going to cum. I was looking forward to spoiling her, since she treated me so well the night before.

I teased her a bit more, letting the vibrations move up to her ribcage, so the second I licked her sweet titties, she would undulate even more. I practically felt the waves in her belly while nibbling on her belly, as I kept my fingers planted on her mound.

From the way she was breathing, she looked as if she was going to burst right then and there, but I couldn't do it just yet. I was, however, thrilled from her reaction because it reminded me that I haven't lost my touch—no pun intended.

I knew she was going to either touch herself and get some relief, or Meryl was going to let me finish her off, which I hope was going to happen.

I decided to give in and finally put the vintage toy down by her hood—while I still kept my finger on her clit. The dual sensations sent a tailspin through her as she gushed a river of her girl goo all over the estate sale toy chest that I was looking to sell.

After her last moan—and droplet—she shook once more and said, "Well, I'm glad that you're here now. It looks like we're going to have more fun in the future," and so far, we have!



Taking pictures for a website is just what this young tart needs to be satisfied...













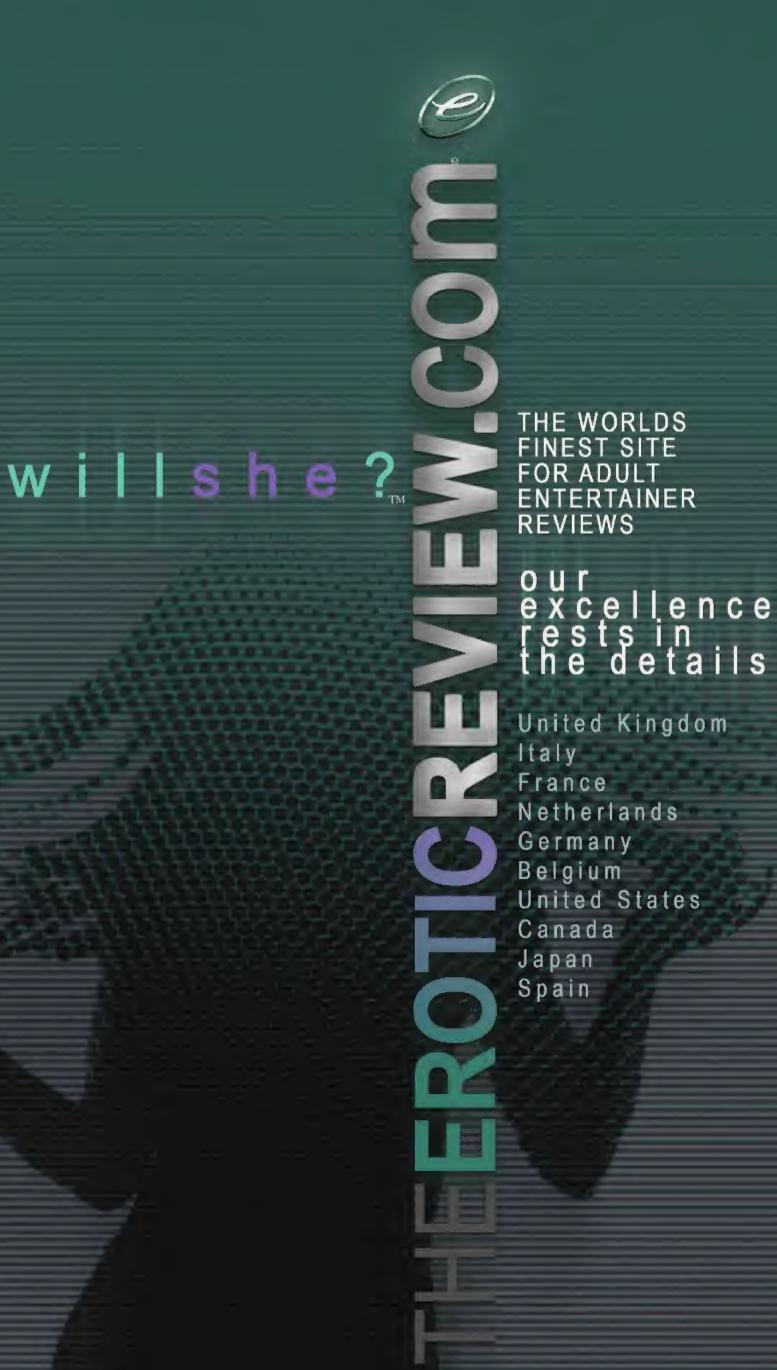






























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Starring: Alexis Monroe, Britney Young, Cameron Canada, Christy Mack, Mr. Pete, Erik Everhard, Bruce Venture Directed By: Eddie Powell Available From: Digital Sin

t goes without question: Cheerleaders are hot! Watching them shake and shimmy on the sidelines, thrusting their sculpted legs in the air for impressive high jumps, and climbing atop one another to create gorgeous girl pyramids is enough of a visual to raise any flagpole. In fact, most girls can't wait for the opportunity to become a cheerleader for the rise in popularity and the higher caliber dating pool that usually accompanies such a position. Plainly put, cheerleaders are the best of the best, epitomizing the type of women that girls want to become and that boys want to fuck.

Fully understanding our penchant for pleated skirts, pompoms, and athletic pussy—ace director, Eddie Powell, has assembled a fantasy roster of four varsity vixens in his latest offering for New Sensations called, *That Horny Little Cheerleader*. With dynamic porn pairings, spirited cocksuckers, and voracious sexual appetites—this is one pep-rally you won't want to miss!

The festivities begin the moment I walk into Powell's territory and spot the sexy squad of cheerleaders roaming around the expansive location. To my left, Riley Reid is zipping her blue and white cheer skirt around her tiny waist, and Cara Swank is combing her sleek back hair into a sexy ponytail. Off to the right, Presley Hart is decorating her legs with white knee high socks, and is unable to keep her fingers off her thick nipples. In the distance, I can hear Mandy Sky happily playing with her frilly set of purple pom-poms. Also, the aroma, which can best be described as an exotic bouquet of root beer scented lip balm and cherry bubblegum—permeates through the open space like a hometown carnival. "It's time to get this show on the road," Powell excitedly interjects, leading Presley Hart into a classroom setting for the first scene of the day.

The scene begins with Presley taking a make-up exam after school. Biting her nails in anticipation for what's to come, she playfully smiles, smirks and wiggles—trying to win the favors and a passing grade from her hot professor, Ramon Nomar.



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After carefully looking over her examination, Ramon takes out his red marker and writes a demeaning F in the corner. What's a girl to do?

Pouting, with her puffy lips anchored downward, Presley rises to her feet and surprises Ramon with a spirited kiss that leaves their mouths fused together. Completely surprised by her sudden burst of affection—Nomar decides to roll with it, playfully massaging his tongue against hers and working his big Spanish fingers down the front of her maroon and white cheer uniform. "There must be something we can work out," Hart flirts, anxious to pass the test and earn her right to cheer in the next big game.

A sucker for a pretty face, Ramon places both hands on her slender shoulders and sets her up in front of his bulging cock. Energetically unzipping his pants, Presley's mouth begins dripping with saliva long before his cock has even touched her lips. Once connected— Hart sucks the length of his uncut cock—expertly swirling her happy tongue around his meat. "Don't close your mouth," he soon interjects, holding her head in place while he beats his boner to the back of her throat.

Now back on her feet, with red splotches capping her knobby knees, Presley is spun around for a deeper connection. After firmly pressing her hands across his wooden desk, Nomar yanks Hart's white panties down her legs and gives her holes a solid whiff before stuffing her full in doggie position. Fucking her at full power—it doesn't take long before Presley is howling her delight, seemingly getting off by the feel of his double danglers smacking against the hood of her throbbing clit. Clearly, this is a great way to turn that F into an A+!

In the next encounter, Mandy Sky—a beautiful brunette with silky black hair and creamy colored skin—lies on her rainbow colored bedding in anticipation for her boyfriend, Bruce Venture. Soon, he steps into view, sexy and wet with a white towel tied around his waist. Walking up to the edge of her bed, he allows the towel to fall to the floor, revealing a pristine looking pecker that is already rock hard and ready to score a touchdown between her legs.

Sexily crawling on top of her like a pro wrestler, Bruce spends ample time kissing her bee-stung lips and her beautiful neck. "You're so sexy," he compliments, while working her out of her purple shirt and unclasping the front of her training bra to reveal a perfect set of teenage titties. When Mandy's half-naked, Venture starts planting rows of warm kisses around her stomach, paying extra attention to tug and pull her pink nipples with his teeth. "More, baby," Sky moans, fervently anticipating the feel of his mouth over her juvenile juice box.

Soon, Bruce is mopping up the floor between her wet legs, smacking her studious swill around his mouth. With splashes of her young yolk coating his lips like gloss, Venture is enjoying every nook and cranny of this *Horny Little Cheerleader*. As her moaning intensifies and Bruce masters a way of wedging his tongue deeper—Sky starts looking over her shoulder at the doorway. Although we're on a set and there is in no danger of her getting caught, her slight change in demeanor gives the impression that she's nervous about her parents or perhaps, even her dorm mother barging into the room and catching her in the act of hardcore fucking. Whatever the case may be, it seems that the thrill of getting caught is what is secretly turning this kinky cheerleader on... me too!

Once Venture pulls out of Sky in missionary position and sprays his baby batter across her pearly white teeth, we are ready for the third scene of the day starring Riley Reid and Erik Everhard. In this situation, we find ourselves in the men's locker room as Erik begins stripping himself out of his clothes. What we aren't aware of is that Riley has been poking her head around the bend, salivating over the sight of this muscular jock and his big fat flagpole.

Unable to contain herself any longer, Reid burn rushes the handsome stud—cementing her puffy lips against his and wrapping her legs around his waist. Incapable of resisting the taste of her cherry flavored lip gloss—Everhard sinks his tongue into her mouth and nibbles on the plump pout of her lips. "I'm going to tear you up," he smiles, ecstatic about his incredible stroke of good luck.

Now caught in this whirlwind of impromptu passion, Erik yanks Riley out of her shirt and pinches the tips of her hard nipples until they pop out like metal springs. Fanning her arms out, Reid grabs the nearby padlocks with her tiny hands, as Everhard continues his journey southward. Once face-to-face with her college cunt, Erik peels her panties down her legs and begins tearing into her pretty pussy like a deserted castaway lapping up a glass of ice water. "Fuck yeah!" She moans, squinting her hazel eyes and biting her red lips as his im-









number of hot positions including doggie, mish and reverse cowgirl, Anthony doesn't stop until this

Horny Little Cheerleader pops. It's a great ending to a great day!

So, once you get your hands on a delectable copy of That Horny Little Cheerleader, the only thing left for you to do is whip out your cock and show your school spirit. With four hot hopefuls waving you in to score on their bases-you're guaranteed a grand slam!

For more information about That Horny Little Cheerleader, or other New Sensations productions, please visit: www.NewSensations.com













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"Stop teasing me with your cock," Ella says, touching her tender pussy. "You know I want you in my ass."

The anal virgin can't get enough of her man's teasing, and when his dripping ramrod pokes into it gently, she moans—hungry for his man-meat.

"That's it, right there," she says, moving back into him. When he spreads apart her pussy lips, he can see her walls pulsate, feeling it ripple between his fingers.

With her ass shaking, and her pucker filling up his finger, he decides to slip inside her hungry hole—giving her what he craves.

"That's my pussy, and I want to fuck it first!" He musters, pounding into her from the back, while giving her ass a taste of his digit.

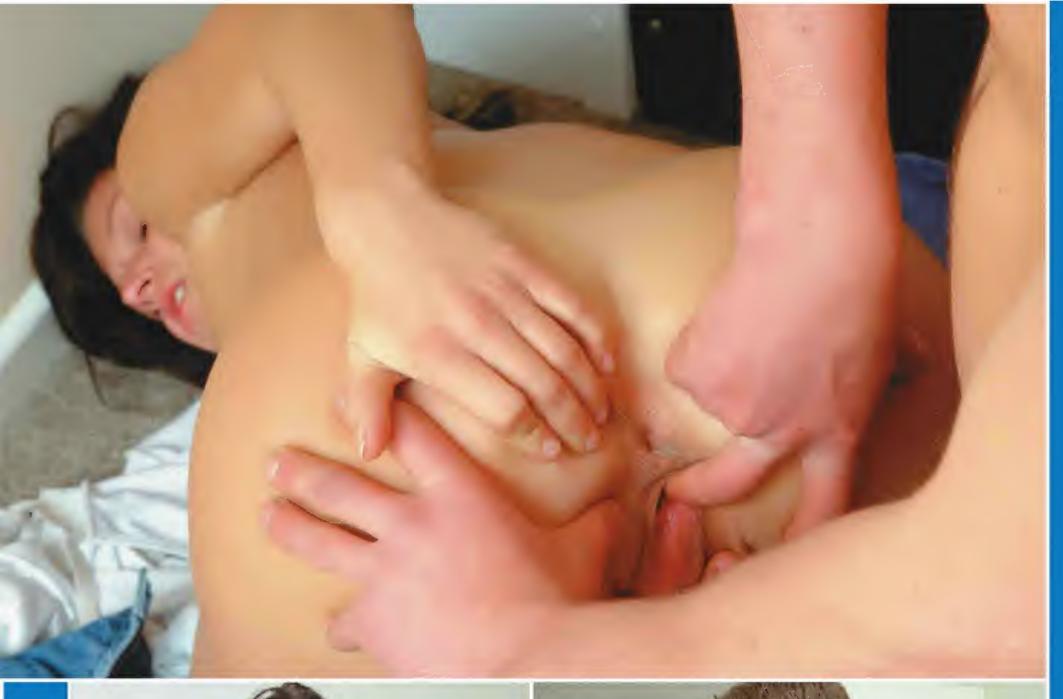
"Fuck yeah! I needed this!" She says, getting filled to the brim with her boyfriend's hot ramrod.

Getting clenched from both walls he starts to shudder before filling up her pussy with his hot load.

"I always know what you need," Rich says, feeding his girl his super-sperm. "And this is what you were craving."











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After Chuck helps the new freshman into her dorm; she gives him a thank you worth drooling over...

# Jessy & Chuck



















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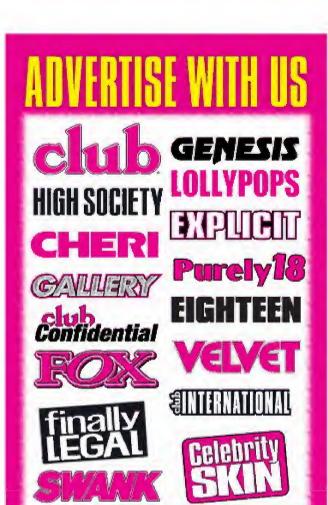








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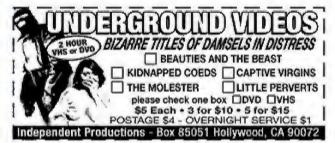
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"Ow! I slipped and hurt my leg when I slipped on the ice outside," April said to her neighbor. "Can you bring me to the hospital?" Looking up and down her newly legal neighbor, Mrs. Deville brings her inside, and sets up April up on her granite countertops. "Where does it hurt? Here?" She points, moving her fingers up April's long, lithe legs.

"No," she whimpers, moving Mrs. Deville's fingers up her warm, wet snatch. "Here. I think you need to kiss it and make it better." With the MILFs mouth tongue-deep in April's crotch, in walks Mr. Deville—hard as a rock, and ready to fuck!

"What to we have here?" He says, pulling down his wife's skirt to get at her puffy pussy. "You can't seem to get away from all the hot, young girls, can you?"





Moving the ladies to the bedroom, Mrs. Deville's hot tongue is still wedged between her young neighbor's pussy; but it's Mr. Deville who pounds his wife—overlooking his wife's work.

"Fuck that young, little pussy! Make her cum hard!" He growls, while feeling his wife rip her explosion all over his cock. Slowing her tongue down, she finally feels April's juices flow right out of her—filling up her tongue with her sweet musk.

Watching the women feel each other out—letting the drips of their pleasure flow to their thighs, Mrs. Deville still pounds on his wife until his cock grows harder—spewing his load deep inside his wife.

"Well, thanks for that," April moans, fingering up her gooey homemade mixture. "I guess I needed a kiss after all."











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